THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840.]

"*Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secrets unto his servants the prophets.*"—AMOS 3: 7.

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MISSIONARY REMINISCENCES.

BY BISHOP ORSON F. WHITNEY.

II.

AT the opening of spring I felt a desire to change my field of labor; to leave Pennsylvania and go to Ohio, where I had relatives in and around Kirtland, once the headquarters of the Church. They were not Latter-day Saints, but had received my father kindly, while on a mission some years before, and I determined that at the first opportunity, I too would test their hospitality. Kirtland was my father's birthplace. It was there that the Whitney family received the Gospel and entertained the Prophet when he first went to Ohio. I also knew of a "Mormon" family, living on a farm near Elyria, Lorain County, in that State, and I decided to visit them before going to Kirtland. Having manifested my desire to President Grow, at Philadelphia, and to Elder Musser, my room-mate at Columbia, I received the necessary permission. The date of my departure was April 8th, 1877.

Alighting at the railroad station in Elyria, I walked three miles into the country, to the home of Truman Frink, a well-to-do farmer of that section. His wife, Angeline Gleason Frink, was a very zealous Latter-day Saint. She with her husband had joined the Church in Utah, while on a visit to her brother, John S. Gleason, the pioneer, several years before. They were not aware of my coming, but had been praying for some time that an Elder of the Church might be led that way, several of their neighbors, with whom Sister Frink had conversed, having expressed a wish to hear more of the Gospel

and to make the acquaintance of a "Mormon" missionary. They therefore rejoiced at my arrival, regarding it as a direct answer to prayer. Sister Frink proved a second mother to me, and during my sojourn of about a year in Ohio, much of which period I was at the Frink farm, my base of operations in that State, no one could have been kinder or more considerate than she and her worthy husband. They had no children of their own, though an adopted daughter lived with them, and as they knew and loved my parents, they treated me very much as if I had been their son. I was the only Elder in that part of the country.

No sooner had I arrived than Sister Frink, with characteristic zeal, proposed the holding of a meeting in her house, to which all the neighbors should be invited, that I might preach to them. Far from being pleased, I was horrified at the idea; for up to that time I had never undertaken to address an audience for more than ten minutes at a time, and only in the way of "breaking the ice" for the main speaker, or testifying to what he had told. In my trepidation I actually proposed sending to Pennsylvania for Brother Musser, to come and fill the appointment. Sister Frink laughed heartily (I had almost said heartlessly), ridiculing the notion, and I at once relinquished it, resolving to trust in God and do the best I could under the circumstances. This was my beginning of my real growth in the ministry. What I said at that meeting, which was duly held, I never knew. I only know that I was wonderfully aided by the Spirit of the Lord, which I had humbly invoked, and that my words came with a fervor and a fluency as surprising to myself as to my friends. The Frinks were more than satisfied with the results.

But the climax was yet to come. On the other side of the country road leading past the farm house where I was staying, and connecting Elyria with the classic town of Oberlin, stood the residence of Truman Frink's brother, a bitter anti-"Mormon," who had been heard to say, among other violent things, that if one of our Elders came to his house, he would kick him into the street. His wife was a very good woman, childless by him, though the mother, by a former husband, of several married daughters. One of these, a widow, lived with her mother. The latter was not at the meeting mentioned, being confined to her room with a severe attack of neuralgia, which had caused her for several weeks, ceaseless pain. Her daughter had learned, through my hostess, that the gift of healing was in the Church, and had heard me declare that the "signs" referred to in Mark xvi, now followed true believers as in days of old. She therefore invited me to visit her mother, and lay hands upon her that she might be healed. Sister Angeline warmly seconded the suggestion, if indeed, she did not originate it, and again I was almost paralyzed at the prospect. I had heard of Eli Frink's threat to do violence to the first Elder that came to his door, but that was not my main objection to doing as his step-daughter desired. Rather was it the fear that there would be another "notable exception" in the case of Elder Whitney, should he have the temerity to lay on hands for the healing of the sick. I firmly believed that the sick could be healed, if the necessary faith were exercised, but I had never seen it done, and I doubted my worthiness to be an instrument in the hands of the Lord for the working of a miracle. The

fearful consequences of a failure, as imagination pictured them; the probability of being mobbed and driven from the neighborhood, as an imposter and a fraud, if the healing were attempted and not consummated, came vividly before me. Never did I feel so helpless, so humble.

I went to the Lord and besought Him with all my soul to stand by me in this critical moment, to forgive my sins, perfect my faith, and use me, if He could consistently, as an instrument of His mercy. I then consecrated, as best I could, some olive oil that Sister Frink had provided, and went with her and her husband to the residence of the invalid. It was evening, and the family were all at home. The house was a large one, with a hall-way leading through it, and rooms on either side. The daughter met us at the door, and ushered us into her mother's apartment on the right, and we heard the voices of the "men folks" in a corresponding room on the left. The sick woman was sitting up, but her head was bandaged, and she was suffering intense pain. I anointed her with the oil, and then, with Brother Frink, laid hands upon her head and began to pray. The moment I opened my mouth a power fell upon me that I had never felt before, and have never felt since, in the same degree. It was like fire in my throat and bosom—not painful, but so powerful as to almost prevent utterance, and it ran like liquid flame to the very tips of my fingers. The sick woman was instantly healed. "The pain is gone," she said, and took off the bandage. Sister Angeline, who was very impetuous, almost shouted, "Glory to God! There is still a God in Israel." As for myself, I was so overcome with a sense of gratitude for this signal manifestation of divine power and gracious condescension, that I sank into a chair and burst into tears.

I will here add that just before the administration, Eli Frink, having heard us enter, looked into the room, but said nothing, and immediately retired, returning to his companions in the other side of the house. When he learned, as he afterwards did, that his wife had been healed by the gift of God, he mocked, saying that she would have recovered anyhow; but he did not attempt to make good his threat of kicking the "Mormon" Elder into the street. He raved like a madman, however, when his wife and daughter, whom I baptized some weeks after in the waters of Lake Erie, began attending the sacrament meetings instituted by me at his brother's home, for the benefit of the little group of believers. I advised her to cease coming, to honor her husband's behest, and leave the responsibility with him. He even refused to let her come to the house while I was there, and did all in his power to defame and stir up opposition against me. He succeeded to some extent, and I was often threatened, but never assaulted.

In the interval between the healing of Mrs. Frink and the baptism of these my first converts, I made the contemplated visit to Kirtland. I had written from Pennsylvania to my father's uncle, the Rev. Samuel F. Whitney, a retired Methodist minister, living at Kirtland, and asked him if a visit from me would be agreeable. I told him I was a "'Mormon' to the backbone," and was on a mission in the interests of my Church, that I would be glad to make his acquaintance and that of my other Ohio relatives, and would come to see him if assured of a welcome. If he did not want me to come, he had only to say so, and I would stay away. "Uncle Sam's" answer was equally candid and

even more terse. "I am always glad to see my relatives, and care nothing about their religion. You will be welcome to the hospitality of my house." Such was the substance of his letter.

It was late in April when I set out for Kirtland. I went by way of Cleveland, where I remained over night to hear Henry Ward Beecher in his lecture on "The Ministry of Wealth." Continuing my journey, and leaving the train at Willoughby, I walked two or three miles through a beautiful rolling country, and about dusk presenting myself at my great-uncle's door. Upon telling him who I was, he welcomed me cordially, and we passed the evening in pleasant conversation, mostly on family matters. My attempts to draw him out upon the subject of religion, especially "Mormonism," were futile. He said he knew all about it, long before I was born, having come to Kirtland soon after his brother, Newel K. Whitney, my grandfather, became the bishop of that place, and while Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church, still resided there. But while incorrigible upon the subject of the Gospel, he was a very pleasant and entertaining old gentleman, shrewd, intelligent, and possessing a keen sense of humor. He was fondly attached to the memory of his brother "N. K.," and I saw that he was not only willing but anxious to treat with kindness anyone related to the Bishop. Next morning after my arrival at his home, he hitched up a fine team and took me in his buggy to see the Kirtland Temple, and to call upon various members of his family. We went through the Temple, visited Gilbert and Whitney's old store and other historic places, and then drove down to "the plains," close upon the lake shore, where some of our kindred dwelt.

I shall never forget my pleasant stays at Mentor Plains, particularly at the home of my father's cousin, Samuel F. Whitney, Jr., with whom I was left by "Uncle Sam," at the close of my first day's drive around the country. In that part lived General James A. Garfield, then a member of Congress, whose farm and that of cousin Samuel adjoined. My first sight of the future President was at Painesville, where he addressed a Republican meeting. The Whitneys entertained me most kindly, as did the Talbots, their neighbors, another branch of the family. I remained with them several weeks, and was never better treated. I tried to make Latter-day Saints of them, and they tried to make a Methodist of me; but neither succeeded. I shall always hold them in tender remembrance for the genuine goodness of heart and great kindness to their "Mormon" cousin. When I finally came away, after repeated sojourns at their hospitable country home, they shed tears at parting, and to this day, though nearly twenty-seven years have passed, our occasional correspondence continues to be of the friendliest character. One of "Uncle Sam's" sons, the Rev. Charles Whitney, of Dayton, Ohio, recently visited me at Salt Lake City.

At the Frink farm, to which I returned in due time, I also had many seasons of enjoyment, mostly of a religious character. I studied hard, wrote much, preached whenever opportunity offered, and lived in an atmosphere of prayer and meditation. The spiritual side of my nature now developed rapidly, and the Gospel became to me the dearest thing in life. A continuous succession of miraculous incidents accompanied my ministry and confirmed my faith. I read and re-read the doctrinal works of the Church, subjected

myself to every requirement of Church discipline, and became rooted and grounded in my religion. My whole life and character underwent a complete transformation. I was now as zealous as I had formerly been indifferent, and so necessary was the Gospel to my peace and happiness, that I marveled how I had ever got along without it. I knew at last what I was made for, and what God required at my hands. The promise of the Savior was abundantly fulfilled; in an eternal sense things past were brought to my remembrance, and I was shown things to come; the problems of life and death were solved, and many of the mysteries of the Kingdom were revealed to my understanding. All this by the light and power of the Holy Spirit, making manifest the things of God. Paragraphs from my private letters home, breathing the Spirit of the Gospel, found their way into print, and some of my former companions ridiculed what they termed my "fanaticism," adding compassionately, "He'll get over that; they all do," meaning the returned missionaries. I feared this, myself, to some extent, for I had known cases of that kind; so I asked the Lord, while I was yet in the mission field, that He would always give me something to do to keep my zeal alive, and never permit me to throw off the harness of the Gospel. Thus far He has answered the prayer.

While in Ohio I continued at intervals my correspondence with the *Salt Lake Herald*, using the nom de plume "Iago," by which I had been known at an earlier period in the Wasatch Literary association, of which I was one of the founders. But now that correspondence was a side issue, a secondary consideration, no longer monopolizing my time and attention. The kingdom of God was first.

Some of the brightest and happiest of my recollections cluster around a series of letters received from President Brigham Young. The first of these released me from my former field of labor, Pennsylvania, and appointed me to remain in Ohio, under the presidency of Elder David M. Stuart, at St. Louis. In another letter President Young commended my efforts to spread the truth, and gave me this golden advice: "Never condescend to argue with the wicked; the principles of the Gospel are too sacred to be quarreled over; bear your testimony in humility, and leave the result with the Lord." He had noticed my writings in the *Herald*, particularly a description of the visit to Kirtland, and in his epistle he said, "I would be pleased to have you correspond freely with the *Deseret News*. Cultivate your gift for writing, that it may be used for the establishment of truth and righteousness upon the earth."

Thus encouraged, I devoted considerable time to literary work, both in poetry and prose, and my worthy "Aunt Em" (Emeline B. Wells) editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, found enough merit in some of my earliest verses to induce her to publish them. I contributed to the *Deseret News*, as President Young had requested, carried on a large correspondence, received visitors and explained to them the Gospel, and answered by tongue or pen every attack upon Utah and the "Mormons" that came to my notice.

Perhaps the reader may marvel that so great a man, and so busy a one, as President Brigham Young, should condescend to write to me, giving counsel and direction. I wondered at it myself; I had not then learned that such things are characteristic of the truly great, and that the higher one looks in

the Church of Christ, the more humility he will find. Moreover, it was President Young's way. He was a man of the people, and loved to deal with them directly. Not even a child escaped his notice, and he felt a personal interest in every missionary of the Church, however humble and obscure.

It was only a few weeks after the receipt of my last letter from him, when the sad news came that he was no more; no more where life is mortal, subject to disease and pain. He died on the 29th of August, 1877, and I learned of it the day after. I felt I had lost a friend and benefactor, one who would have advanced me in any profession that I might have chosen, especially literature, to which he had counseled me to devote my energies. If I had an ambition at that time, it lay in this direction; for I no longer felt any yearning for a theatrical career; and as for official position, either in Church or State, I did not dream of it in those days. I wanted to be a Latter-day Saint, to live and die in the faith, and play my part as a useful citizen and an honorable member of society; I cared not how humble the sphere. I was told that I was "cut out for a preacher," that this was my forte; but I did not believe it, and was conscious of only one desire that savored in any way of ambition—it was to carry out the counsel of my revered friend and beloved leader, and thenceforth to use my pen for the spread of truth and righteousness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OUTLOOK.

BY ELDER PRESTON NIBLEY, OF HAMBURG, GERMANY.

THE cry of "Down with 'Mormonism'" is heard often enough in these days, as it has been heard in the past for many years. It is limited to a very few at times, whose weak pipings create no consternation; then whole millions rise up with a mighty voice of indignation, which is sounded throughout the world and creates great consternation, for a day.

Curious it is, moreover, how, in spite of all opposition, "Mormonism" marches along with steady tread, implanting itself here and there into the pure heart and soul, making clear and smooth all that is rough and waste, growing ever stronger and greater, and with gradual progress, accomplishing all that it has to do. After all manner of the direst persecution, it yet stands solid and firm, as "a house that is built upon a rock."

It was Gamaliel, an ancient doctor of the law, who uttered a very noteworthy saying which I would call a key to the prosperity or death of any institution men have ever brought forth, or ever will. This question regarding Jesus Christ came up: was He to be preached to the Jews? Wise old lawyers shook their heads over it. Gamaliel rose up, wisest of all. "If this work be of man," said he, "it will come to nought, but, if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." If a thing is just, and ordained of heaven to be among us here, what right have we to bid it depart. Heaven above is greater than we. So meant Gamaliel, and did he not see into the very heart of the matter?

To judge the future of any man or thing by its present aspects is a difficult task. What we oft consider as a mighty influence, a great impending terror or tumult, with prospects of lasting forever, soon dies away into insignificance and oblivion. On the other hand, what we often hold as a weak, trifling thing, of no significance or consequence, ofttimes out of weakness is made strong, and marches on and overcomes all that lies in its way. What was it to Cæsar Augustus and Rome, that Paul, the Hebrew, should journey through the land, or that the meek and lowly Nazarene taught by the lake of Galilee. Now, the great Empire of Rome, Cæsars and all, lies buried in the dust, but the teaching of that One, manifests itself among all men, and the event of His life is known as the greatest transaction the world has yet seen. Truly, Gamaliel, what is of God is good and will live, "the gates of hell will not prevail against it,' and what is of another, not of Him, is false and will surely die.

And even in our own time this lesson is not lacking. A poor youth is toiling over the rocky soil, working on the farm, and getting barely enough to keep body and soul together. He is not known to the great ones of the earth, and scarcely recognized beyond the limits of his own town; but Heaven gave him a voice, and he rose up and taught; and even now, at this very hour, three hundred thousand human souls are guiding their lives through this lower world by that same voice.

"Down with 'Mormonism'"? Very unlikely!

The churches of to-day—what do they present? Contention on all sides, full of resentment and strife, which is not the sign of life and growth, but a sign of the speediest death. No hand needs to be raised against them—leave them alone. The Lord will deal with them, for yet a little while, and they will perish by the sword they would slay their brothers with. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Where there is falsity, disorder, contention and strife, there is no strength, there God does not rule.

Is "Mormonism" true? Verily, yes! And why? Because it is good, and of God, receives heaven's sanction in all its walks and ways, permits no lie, and cherishes not that which is evil. "Mormonism" is true, we simply say, because it is not untrue, because it stands up at all times for virtue, honor, righteousness, godliness, and never for that which is false, mean, or of the devil. Nature supports and confirms it, and "Nature admits no lie." To get the harvest we must plant good seed, for where chaff is sown no fruitful thing will grow. The Latter-day Saints that have the beautiful light of the Gospel, should ever be guided by it. The reward of goodness is sure, the punishment of evil is certain. To gain salvation in God's kingdom, means simply to keep His commandments. Simple it is, but essential.

We should look to ourselves, for in the strength of the one lies the strength of the whole. Perseverance and patience are needful, yes, above all, devout, sincere, persevering work. The reward is sure. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift (wages) of God is eternal life." Let us be numbered with the just, let us hold fast to that which He in His love and mercy has given us; that we too, when He comes in His glory to reign, may be raised with the faithful and "receive the crown of life which the Lord has promised to them that love Him."

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1905.

EDITORIAL.

"DO WE BELIEVE?"

THE London *Daily Telegraph* of September 29, 1904, contained an article by "Oxoniensis," which was called, "Do We Believe?" The writer brings into serious question the religious life of the whole Christian world. We quote from it:

"Do we act as if this world was a preparation for the next? Faith is not of much use unless it supplies motives for action or settled convictions of thought. . . . Faith without works is dead. Where are the works which show that we believe in heaven and hell—in another world at all? . . . Our Christianity would seem to be a splendid hypocrisy. . . . Have I drawn the picture too harshly? Good heavens! Think of the millionaire calling himself a Christian in the face of the text, 'How hardly shall they that have riches (or trust in riches) enter into the kingdom of God.' Think of the politician calling himself a Christian in view of the texts, 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon,' and 'Ye shall not do evil that good may come!' Think of the sensualist calling himself a Christian confronted by the text, 'Whosoever shall look upon a woman—!' Think of our smart leaders of society calling themselves Christians, and repeating the words, 'Blessed are ye poor.'"

The article called forth a great mass of communications to the *Telegraph*, and that paper printed three columns of these letters each day for three months. Nine thousand letters were received. "Do We Believe" was discussed from every point of view. It seems that every phase of belief and unbelief was thoroughly ventilated, Jew, Gentile, and Mohammedans had opportunity to present their claims to a solution of the vexed problems of religion. All creeds were admitted—save one. There was one exception: there was one system of religion that came forth humbly and asked for recognition, claiming that it could answer the vexed questions, could satisfactorily explain the reason for the disturbed condition of society, and could give the one absolute remedy; but this one religion's adherents were "everywhere spoken against," and, therefore, they were not permitted to be heard. This religion was the Gospel of Jesus Christ, known to the world as "Mormonism."

Some of the Elders laboring in London who are well qualified to write sent articles to the *Telegraph;* but they were "Mormons," and that was enough to

exclude their communications. Our own effort met the same treatment, and no doubt furnished a beginning for the fire in the editorial grate. A copy, however, was retained, which is herewith presented to the readers of the STAR.

To the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*:

Sir—"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?' "Come and see."

May I state briefly the message which the Latter-day Saints (commonly called "Mormons") have to deliver to the world on this important question of religion and salvation? Though the people which I represent are held by the Christian sects of the day somewhat in disrepute, this simply makes our message and our people more akin to those which Paul represented when the Jews at Rome said to him: "We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against."

In one of the letters in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 21st I find this: "At no other period has humanity been so troubled or so full of uncertainty and doubt as to the great problems of life as at present"; and surely, this is amply verified by a perusal of the contributions to your paper for the last seven weeks.

What is the matter, and what is the remedy? Briefly stated, this: The Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ as taught by Him and His immediate followers has became corrupted by the doctrines of men. The Church of Christ has become disrupted and scattered, and the sects of the present day have each but a fragment of the truth. There is "a form of godliness" in the religions of the day, but they "deny the power thereof." In short, there has been a general apostasy, which history, both sacred and profane, readily proves. If this fact is borne in mind, the present confused condition of religious belief is easily understood.

The remedy? No amount of reforming or reorganizing by the wisdom of men can correct the evil. What was lost must be restored through the only means by which it ever came—and that is by the direct revelations of God to man. A new patch on the old garment would but make the rend larger. The pure, simple, saving principles of the Gospel must again be restored, and not only that, but the power to administer in its saving ordinances must accompany the preaching of the principles. The Church of Christ must be on the earth again as of old to minister the blessings pertaining to a citizenship in the Kingdom to all its members—to impart the gifts of the Spirit, among which is a living, abiding testimony of the truth which will change a mere belief to absolute knowledge.

This, then, is the remedy which the world needs—and this remedy has come. This is the glad message which the Latter-day Saints have to give to all who are truly seeking after truth. The Gospel has been restored. The Church is again established with apostles and prophets. The heavens are again opened to man, and the angels of God have once more visited the earth. The gifts and blessings which were enjoyed in the primitive Church are again enjoyed by the Saints of the present. This is no vain delusion—it is a demonstrable fact, which is testified to by thousands.

Do we believe? Yes; most assuredly. We believe in the Gospel of Christ

which reaches out and encompasses all things both in heaven and on the earth. We believe in a personal God. We believe in Jesus Christ. We believe in the Holy Ghost. We believe that man is a child of God, begotten spiritually of that Eternal Father in some past time; that we are of the same race, the same species; and that by the operations of natural law, the offspring may attain to the fulness of the parent. Matter is eternal. Truth is self-existent. The universe is governed by law. To all things a law is given, and to that which abides the law of its being is "preserved by law, and perfected and sanctified by the same." These laws always have existed and always will exist. God governs and controls by and through the knowledge He has of these laws. We, as His children, attain to godliness in proportion to our obedience to the laws of our being which will elevate us to the nature and power and glory of our Parent.

In this evolutionary scale there must be a beginning, as far as this life is concerned, and this beginning must lead upward according to a fixed plan. This plan we have. God has revealed it by His Son, who also was given a great mission to perform pertaining to it. It is therefore called the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The first step in this plan is faith. It comes first because faith is the "principle of action in all intelligent beings." It must be alive, actively leading to works of repentance from sin, which is the second step. The third requisite is baptism in water for the remission of sin, which baptism is completed only when the Holy Ghost is conferred by the laying on of hands.

These are the initiating steps into the Kingdom. They may appear simple and dogmatic—too insignificant for the learning of the day, but they are the only way revealed to man. The exact reason why baptism, for instance, will bring a remission of sins we may not know, even as we may not know by what manner or process many of the simple laws of nature bring about results. We may not understand how the Holy Ghost is imparted by the laying on of hands, but the simple fact that it is has been proven, and is even in our day testified to by thousands. The Holy Ghost leads into all truth, therefore members of the Church of Christ see eye to eye on all matters of faith and practice. The membership is also a bond of love, which prevents any man from contending against his brother. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another," said Christ.

Do we believe? But a mere belief is not enough. The Master has said: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." Here, surely, is the great reason for the lack of belief in the world. *Do*, and you shall not only believe, but you shall *know*. That was the promise in the days of the Jesus, and that is the promise made to-day by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. If any in the past have failed in securing the promised knowledge, it must have been because they have not done that upon which the promise is based; therefore, the remedy is to find out what the expressed will of God is. The Latter-day Saints have found that, they have obeyed, and they have received the promised knowledge. This is their message and their testimony to the world.

N. A.

Arrivals.—The following missionaries arrived in Liverpool, February 17th, 1905, per s.s. *Winifredian*: For Great Britain—William Wing, Frederick Merrill, Lehi; John I. Hatch, Woods Cross; Aaron C. Waddoups, Moses L. Holbrook, Bountiful. For Swiss and German mission—John L. Hatch, Woods Cross. For Netherlands—Walter F. Hogan, Woods Cross.

Appointments.—The Elders who arrived for the British mission, February 17th, 1905, are appointed to labor in the following conferences: William Wing, Liverpool; Frederick Merrill and John I. Hatch, Sheffield; Aaron C. Waddoups, Nottingham; Moses L. Holbrook, Birmingham.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptisms at Liverpool.—Four members were added to the Church by baptism in the Liverpool branch, on Friday, February 17, 1905. The ordinance was performed in the Cornwallis Street baths, Elder Malcolm McAllister officiating. There are quite a number of interested investigators in Liverpool, and prospects are bright for additional members.

District Meetings.—A very successful and well attended district meeting of the Watford branch, London conference, was held at the Co-operative Hall, Watford, Herts., on Sunday, February 12, 1905. On the same date district meetings were held at Grimsby, Norwich, and Kilmarnock. The reports from all these meetings show a steady progress. Many strangers and friends attended. On the evening of Tuesday, the 14th, President Edwin A. Bingham of the Grimsby conference was tendered a reception by the Grimsby branch. On Sunday, February 19th, district meetings were held at Farnsworth, Manchester conference, at Batley, Leeds conference, and at Ipswich, Norwich conference. Reports from all these meetings tell of large and interested audiences, and very enjoyable times. Further meetings will be held in the Scottish conference as follows: Burnbank, Lesser Burgh Hall, February 26; Airdrie, Albion Hall, Graham Street, March 5; Edinburgh, 14 Picardy Place, March 12; Glasgow, 100 West Regent Street, Masonic Hall, March 19, 1905.

"A Gospel Conversation."—At a gathering of the Elders of the Liverpool conference at Blackburn some time ago the following incident was narrated:

One day an Elder, who had not been in the field very long, became very much discouraged over his unsuccessful endeavors to obtain listeners to the Gospel message. He tracted street after street, but no one would stop to listen to his testimony. The people of the city were being continually pestered with venders of various articles for sale, and so the Latter-day Saint missionary was no doubt classed as one of these.

The Elder was about to give up for the day and go back to his lodgings without a Gospel conversation to report. However, he tried once more, and the good lady who met him at the door and took his tract listened attentively to his explanations. Greatly encouraged, he continued his conversation, entering upon the first principles of the Gospel and preaching quite a sermon.

The lady asked no questions, but as she continued to listen, the Elder continued to preach.

At last the lady moved a little nearer, raised a large ear-trumpet to her ear that she might hear his reply, and then asked, "Where can I get that medicine in this town?"

An "American" Evening at Copenhagen.—Elder C. A. Krantz writes from Copenhagen, Denmark, to the *Deseret News* as follows: "The other night—it was the night before New Year's eve, we had, over here in Copenhagen, a small social gathering at the temporary home of Elder David R. Wheelwright of Brigham City, Utah, and his wife, Sister Valborg Wheelwright, who joined her husband here only a few days ago. He is here on a mission, and as such is called to labor in the mission office. Mrs. Wheelwright is a Scandinavian by descent, while her husband puzzles his friends by claiming that he is a Scandinavian by 'consent,' he being American born of English parentage.

"Many Elders have, no doubt, during the past fifty years had their wives visit here in Scandinavia, but no one has ever had a temporary home established, in which a company as this, consisting exclusively of their co-laborers from Zion, have gathered. We concluded that the event was an epoch in the history of the work of the Lord in these Scandinavian countries. It was another testimony to us that 'Mormonism' has come to stay, and that it every year, as the time passes along, displays more and more of its progressive and 'staying' qualities.

"In days gone by, Zion used to be no less than three months' travel away, now three weeks is considered a slow trip: it can be made in two weeks. But in those days, the missionaries' wives stayed quietly at home. We once heard a sectarian minister explain that the words in Rev. xxi: 1, reading: 'There was no more sea,' had reached its fulfillment through the fast transportation facilities between Europe and America of our days. We hardly agree to that, but the Atlantic is certainly not so wide, nor the plains so dreary, nor the 'walls' around Utah so high, as they used to be, or all these, 'escaped' little Utah women would not be so common here.

"The party was a thorough success. All present enjoyed a genuine American evening. The American flag was displayed, we conversed in American, upon American subjects, and the refreshments were American. We partook of some preserves, the pears, peaches and apricots being grown in Elder Wheelwright's own orchard in Brigham City, and the pie and the plum pudding were all genuine American products."

Healing the Sick.—Elder Walter G. Paul, writing from Middlesbro', under date of February 14th, tells the following instance of the blessings of the Lord manifested in behalf of a little boy belonging to Brother and Sister Barrow, of Stockton: "This lad was sick nigh unto death. Preparations were being made to lay him out, when we received a card with a request to come quickly. We took the train, a distance of five miles, to their home. Upon arrival, death was expected any minute. I took the oil, anointed him, and Brother Dazley sealed the anointing, the Elders with the family exercising faith. While thus engaged the death rattle ceased, the child aroused, turned

over and went off into a peaceful sleep, breathing naturally. At this point the doctor came in, fully expecting to see the body laid out. So sure was he that he had with him the death certificate. He looked at the boy, then at us, then at the family, and all that he could say was, 'Wonderful boy, wonderful boy.' He is now a marvel to the neighborhood."

Elders Needham and Parkinson write from Watford, London conference under date of February 20, 1905, as follows:

"A very remarkable case of healing, and one which strengthened our testimony very much, was witnessed here last Thursday evening at the home of Brother McIntyre. We had gone to visit him, and on entering the room we heard groans. We asked what it was, and his wife informed us that it was her brother, Harry. She further said that he had a lump on his neck, and was in a dangerous condition, having been very sick all day. At that moment he called her upstairs and asked if the Elders would come up and administer to him, whereupon we got the oil and went to his bedside. He looked bad, and could hardly sit up, for he was getting weaker and weaker all the time; but he managed to sit up until we had administered to him. As soon as we had taken our hands from his head the lump on his neck disappeared, and he exclaimed, 'Brother, I want to get up.' In five minutes afterwards he was down stairs talking to us, and praising the Lord for His goodness.

"We have had two or three cases very similar to the one mentioned, where the Saints have been healed, and we feel grateful unto the Lord for His untold blessings which have been poured out upon us all. We might just state that the work down here is progressing nicely, and many are investigating the glorious Gospel truths."

PROPOSED SAILINGS FOR AMERICA.

Canadian	March 11, 1905.
Cestrian	April 1, „
Canadian	„ 22, „

FIRST SPIRITUAL, THEN TEMPORAL.

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH IN THE "IMPROVEMENT ERA."

"Remember, to be carnally minded is death, to be spiritually minded is life eternal." II Nephi ix: 39.

One who stops to consider the history of the Latter-day Saints, both as experienced in these valleys, and in the early rise of the Church, will readily see that those who have wrought, have done so for faith and principle, and not for temporal advantage or material gain. In fact, it has almost become a true saying: To be a Latter-day Saint is to be poor and despised. Certainly no person, in early times, having only the main chance in view for material wealth and comfort, would ever have thought of identifying himself with the Saints; and the situation is not much changed to-day.

But to the spiritual blessings, and to the joy of the simple life led by the Saints because of their belief in the Gospel of Christ, there has been added

by our Father in heaven, in later years, many material blessings. Our people in a degree are prosperous. They have valuable and productive farms, which are yearly being made more valuable by the skill and experience of the husbandmen; our grain, beet and tomato fields are responding with abundant yields, from the touch of improved methods, seconded by ability and understanding in preserving and marketing our products. We have gold and silver, and copper; the mercantile, manufacturing, and mining industries, in which many are engaged, respond abundantly to intelligent care and wise manipulation, to such an extent that many among us have been made comparatively well-to-do.

To this condition there can be no objection so long as we keep in view one of the main thoughts of our religion: They who enjoy a rich spiritual life, and an abounding faith in all that is good and true, are rich in very deed, with or without material wealth. But if we are to begin to measure the value of our religion by the material blessings which we enjoy, there will soon be great shrinkages in both happiness and faith. On the contrary, we will ever remain more content and vastly wealthier by measuring the value of our material blessings by the overflowing measure of spiritual joy and abounding faith.

I am led to reason thus by circumstances which recently have crowded to the front. There are people who would be good Saints, and happy spiritually, if they were only well provided for temporally. These people seem to forget the words of the Savior: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." They rather reverse this injunction.

Here is a man in a distant part writing to us saying, "I believe in the Gospel and am favorable to your people," and then follows the milk in the cocoanut, "I would like to join your people; can you secure me remunerative employment, at such and such an occupation?" But the feeling in the heart of such a one is always: "I take no chances; no occupation, no faith; no temporal emoluments, no spiritual efforts." It should be first faith, then occupation; first spiritual effort and life, then temporal salvation.

It is not alone strangers who thus have an eye only for material blessings and comforts, but there are a few young people among us, and their numbers seem daily to be growing, who have fallen into the same error. Friends are even found, now and then, who will come pleading to the authorities for certain young people who are to be favored temporally in order that they may be saved spiritually. "Can not this and that be done," is the plea, "to save them to the Church? If provided with place and position, they may be saved; otherwise, there is danger of their falling overboard?"

Now the reply to such pleas can only be this: "The Church is not purchasing converts. It has never done so, either in reality or by implication, and certainly it is not doing so now."

Such excuses were never thought of by the founders. Imagine the pioneers doing their work for pay! or for expected comfort! or the Church purchasing in any way, or by any kind promise, men and women to accomplish the achievements of early days, and the labors and sacrifices of Kirtland, Jackson county, Nauvoo, and Winter Quarters! People who are thus imbued with

the idea that material comforts are paramount, should return to the study of first principles, and learn to sacrifice all things for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, because of its intrinsic worth, and because of faith in the receipt eventually, of the spiritual joy and comfort guaranteed to the confident believer. Obedience to the Gospel brings its own reward, and its blessings can neither be bought or sold, any more than when Peter anciently declared to Simon: "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part or lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of this thy wickedness."

THE DIVINE FEMININE.

An interesting article on "The Divine Feminine in God," by George Barlow, appears in *Contemporary Review*. It is copied in the current number of *Public Opinion*.

Mr. Barlow reminds his readers that Swedenborg used to teach the dual nature in the divine order of government, and that marriage exists among celestial inhabitants as among men on earth. He also taught that the noblest attainable felicity was only to be reached through perfectly pure, conjugal love.

He further points out that the Roman church has met the need of mankind for divine mother-love, by its doctrine of the virgin mother of God. We know, he says, how, for century after century, the southern nations, especially the women of the southern nations, have found comfort and help through believing that their sorrows are sympathized with and their burdens shared by the tenderly loving heart of the virgin. It is the same idea—the same inward pressure has produced it—the idea of the Divine femininity.

He also presents another line of thought. The finest natures, he says, combine the masculine and feminine attributes. Mere "maleness" is course and crude. From it, wars, greed, cruelity, corruption have sprung. Jesus wept—not in a cowardly, or hysterical manner, but as a natural expression of love and pity. It was feminine, but not effeminate. It was the visible outcome of "the mystery of the divine feminine in God."

From such premises the author concludes:

"We may gather from all this how utterly foolish and futile the ascetic attempt to expel sex from the universe has been. It is far more probable that sex, sex in Deity, represented in the world of matter by the ceaseless interchange of electrical affinities, is the underlaying fact upon which the whole cosmos reposes, than that sex is at any point absent from the universal scheme. Love, as Dante said, 'drives the sun and stars along.' If there were no such thing as sex—if the sex-element could be extirpated from the universe—it is not unlikely that the whole immeasurable structure would collapse. We may be pretty confident that a universe containing no feminine life-vibrations would either be an impossible universe, or, if possible, it would be a universe of an inferior and degraded type."

The *Deseret News* comments on the foregoing as follows:

"A logical mind cannot fail to feel the force of such reasoning, and the spiritually minded instinctively perceive the great truth by its own radiant

light. The Scriptures do not expressly teach the doctrine, but it is unmistakably implied in the Biblical account of the creation, as well as in the entire system of Scriptural theology, the central truths of which are the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Fatherhood and brotherhood imply motherhood, unless the terms are merely figurative and meaningless.

"The truth will finally be accepted by the children of men. It is a truth from which, when fully realized, the perfect 'emancipation' and ennobling of woman will result. And then history will record that the Prophet Joseph and his followers, whom a blind and excited multitude accuse of being the degraders of women and the destroyers of home, were the first in this generation to proclaim it, and to crown womanhood with the divine diadem which so long had adorned only the proud heads of men. And the same history will reflect upon the curious fact, that mortals nearly always at first despise and seek to destroy that which is intended for their happiness and perfection."

PEACE.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far, beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices,
Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

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